

to the beautiful Chilterns. . . . You will ask is bread, then, always to be dear? By no means, but it is surely better to have dear bread than to have no bread at all. Reduce the burdens that so heavily press upon the farmer, and then reduce' his protection in the same ratio. That is the way to have cheap bread. I do not doubt that when the question of tithes is eventually settled, when, the poor laws are brought back to the system of 1795, and when we employ our surplus revenue in relieving the agricultural interest instead of sending forth fantastic expeditions to attack our ancient allies — I do not doubt that then we may have the blessing of cheap bread without destroying the interest which is the basis of all sound social happiness.¹

'If I gain my election I think I have doubled the Cape of my destiny,' Disraeli wrote to Evans, his old comrade of the solicitor's office. He was not to gain. his election. The Whigs put forth all their efforts to defeat him, and on the hustings he angrily declared that 'the secret of their enmity was that he was not nobly born.' When the poll closed on Dec. 12, the figures were —

Smith, 179.

Grey, 140.

Disraeli, 119.

To Benjamin Austen.

Sunday.

Had my agent attended to our registration, which for various reasons he did not, I should have succeeded at Wycombe, as upwards of 18 ratted from Grey, but the rates of many of my old supporters were not paid up. The election, or rather contest, did not cost me £80, the expense of hustings, &c., and Grey not short of £800. Had I let money fly I should have come in. I make no doubt of success another time.

Beaten at Wycombe, he on the same day issued an address to the electors of the county.

Pf served in the *Wycomle Sentinel* (Nov. 30\ a
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